

# Son of Uncle Sam

*by* Bill Yarrow

He doesn't drink, but he has his  
intoxications: strength, sugar, sleep,  
sex, surprise. He's hooked on the pinball  
excitements of adolescence. He's the one with  
a moustache loitering on the monkey bars. He's the  
one who just replaced the lifters on his Impala. He's the  
one whose girlfriend needs a wholesale career overhaul. He  
can see the future, but it's not a future that will come true. He  
works with his hands, but that takes brains he tells his nephews.  
He's over forty and he still eats red meat. He's got sand in his  
socks.

